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ON THE

USURPER O. C.

BY THE

AUTHOR

OF

ABSALOM and *ACHITOPHEL.*

Publiſhed to ſhew the Loyalty and Integrity of the Poet.

Reprinted in the Year MDCLXXXII.

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ANd now 'tis time for their Officious haste,
Who would before have born him to the Sky,
Like eager *Romans*, e're all Rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred Eagle fly.

Though our best Notes are Treason to his Fame,
Join'd with the loud Applause of publick Voice,
Since Heaven the praise we offer to his Name
Hath rendred too authentick by its choice.

Though in his praise no Arts can Lib'ral be,
Since they whose Muses have the highest flown
Add not to his Immortal Memory,
But do an act of Friendship to their own.

Yet 'tis our Duty and our Interest too,
Such Monuments as we can build to raise,
Lest all the World prevent what we should do,
And claim a Title in Him by their Praise.

How ſhall I then begin or where conclude,
To draw a frame ſo truly circular?
For in a Round what Order can be ſhew'd,
Where all the parts ſo equal perfect are?

His Grandure he deriv'd from Heaven alone;
For he was great e're Fortune made him ſo,
And Wars like Miſts that riſe againſt the Sun,
Made him but Greater ſeem, not Greater grow.

No borrowed Bays his Temples did adorn;
But to our Crown he did freſh Jewels bring,
Nor was his Virtue poiſon'd ſoon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being King.

Fortune (that eaſie Miſtreſs of the young,
But to her Antient Servants coy and hard;)
Him at that age her Favorites ranck't among,
When ſhe her beſt lov'd *Pompey* did diſcard.

He private mark't the Faults of others ſway,
And ſet as Sea marks for himſelf to ſhun,
Not like raſh Monarchs, who their Youth betray,
By Acts their Age too late would wiſh undone.

And yet Dominion was not his Deſigne,
We owe that bleſſing not to him, but Heaven,
Which to fair Acts Rewards unſought, did join,
Rewards which leſs to him than us were given.

Our former Chiefs, like Sticklers in the War,
Firſt ſought t'enflame the Parties, then to poize,
The Quarrel lov'd, but did the Cauſe abhor,
And did not ſtrike to hurt, but make a noiſe.

War, our Conſumption, was their gainful Trade,
We inward bled whilſt they prolong'd our pain.
He Fought to end our Fightings, and eſſay'd
† *To ſtanch the Blood by breathing of a Vein.*

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Swift and reſiſtleſs through the Land he paſt,
Like that bold *Greek* who did the *Eaſt* ſubdue,
And made to Battel ſuch Heroick haſt,
As if on wings of Victory he flew.

He fought ſecure of Fortune as of Fame,
'Till by new Maps the Iſland might be ſhown,
Of Conqueſts which he ſtrew'd where e're he came;
Thick as the Galaxy with Stars is ſown.

His Palms, though under Weights, they did not ſtand,
Still thriv'd, no Winter could his Laurels fade,
Heaven in his Portraict ſhew'd a Workmans hand,
And drew it perfect yet without a ſhade.

Peace was the price of all his Toyls and Care,
Which War had baniſht and did now reſtore,
Bologna's Wall thus mounted in the Air,
To ſeat themſelves more ſurely than before.

Her ſafety reſcued, *Ireland* to him owes,
And treacherous *Scotland* to no Intereſt true;
Yet bleſt that Fate which did his Arms diſpoſe,
Her Land to civilize as to ſubdue.

Nor was he like thoſe Stars which only ſhine,
When to pale Mariners they Storms portend,
He had his calmer Influence, and his Main
Did Love and Majeſty together blend.

'Tis true, his Count'nance did imprint an aw,
And nat'rally all Souls to his did bow,
As wands of Divination downward draw,
And point to Beds where ſovereign Gold does grow.

When paſt all Offerings to *Pheretrian Jove*
He *Mars* depos'd, and Arms to Gowns made yield,
Succeſsful Councels did him ſoon approve
As fit for cloſe Intreagues, as open Field.

To ſupplicant *Holland* he vouchſaft a Peace.
Our once bold Rival in the *Britiſh Main*,
Now tamely glad her unjuſt Claim to ceaſe,
And buy our Friendſhip with her Idol Gain.

Fame of th' aſſerted Sea through *Europe* blown,
Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love,
Each knew that Side muſt conquer he would own,
And for Him fiercely as for Empire ſtrove.

No ſooner was the *Frenchman*'s Cauſe embrac't,
Then the Light *Monſieur* the grave *Don* out-weigh'd,
His Fortune turn'd the Scale where it was caſt,
Though *Indian* Mines were in the other laid.

When abſent, yet we conquer'd in his Right;
For though ſome meaner Artiſts Skill were ſhown,
In mingling Colours, or in placing Light,
Yet all the fair Deſignment was his own.

For from all Tempers he could Service draw,
The Worth of each with its Allay he knew;
And, as the Confident of Nature, ſaw
How the Complexions did divide and brew.

Or he their ſingle Virtues did ſurvey,
By Intuition in his own large Breſt,
Where all the rich Ideas of them lay,
That were the Rule and Meaſure of the reſt.

When ſuch Heroick Virtue Heaven ſets out,
The Stars like Commons ſullenly Obey;
Becauſe it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a Tax they ſeldom pay.

From this high Spring our Foreign Conqueſts flow,
Which yet more Glorious Triumphs do portend,
Since their Commencement to his Arms they ow,
If Springs as high as Fountains may aſcend.

He made us Freemen of the Continent,
Whom Nature did like Captives treat before,
To Nobler Preys the *Engliſh* Lyon ſent,
And taught him firſt in *Belgian* Walks to roar.

That old unqueſtion'd Pirate of the Land,
Proud *Rome*, with dread the Fate of *Dunkirk* heard,
And trembling wiſh'd behind more Alps to ſtand,
Although an *Alexander* were her Guard.

By his Command we boldly croſt the Line,
And bravely fought where Southern Stars ariſe,
We trac'd the far fetch'd Gold unto the Mine,
And that which brib'd our Fathers made our Prize.

Such was our Prince, yet own'd a Soul above,
The higheſt Acts it could produce to ſhow;
Thus poor Mechanick Arts in publick move,
Whilſt the deep Secrets beyond Practice go.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing Fame went leſs,
But when freſh Laurels courted him to live,
He ſeem'd but to prevent ſome new Succeſs,
As if above what Triumphs Earth could give.

His lateſt Victories ſtill thickeſt came,
As near the Center Motion doth encreaſe,
Till He, preſs'd down with his own weighty Name,
Did like the Veſtal under Spoils decreaſe.

But firſt the Ocean as a Tribute Sent
The Gyant Prince of all her Watry Herd,
And th' Iſle, when her protecting Genius went,
Upon his Obſequies loud Sighs confer'd.

No Civil Broils have ſince his Death aroſe,
But Faction now by Habit does obey;
And Wars have that Reſpect for his Repoſe,
As Winds for Halcyons when they breed at Sea.

His

His Aſhes in a peaceful Urn ſhall reſt,
His Name and great Example ſtand to ſhow
How ſtrangely high Endeavours may be bleſt
Where Piety and Valour jointly go.

POSTSCRIPT.

THe Printing of theſe Rhimes afflicts me more
Than all the Drubs *I in* Roſe-Alley *bore.*
This ſhews my nauſeous Mercenary Pen
Would praiſe the vileſt and the worſt of Men.
A Rogue like Hodge *am I; the World will know it;*
Hodge *was his* Fidler, *and I* John *his* Poet.
This may prevent the Pay for which I write;
For I for Pay againſt my Conſcience fight.
I muſt confeſs, ſo Infamous a Knave
Can do no Service, though the Humbleſt Slave.
Villains *I praiſe, and* Patriots *accuſe,*
My railing and my fawning Talents uſe,
Juſt as they pay I flatter or abuſe.
But I to men in Power a Turd *am ſtill,*
To rub on any honeſt Face they will.
Then on I'le go, for Libels I declare,
Beſt Friends no more than worſt of Foes I'le ſpare,
And all this I can do, becauſe I dare.
He who writes on, and Cudgels can defie,
And knowing he'l be beat, ſtill writes on, am I.

J. D.